

**GOLD**

By  
**STEWART  
EDWARD  
WHITE**

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CHAPTER XVI.  
On Trail of the Indians.

I WAS terribly excited. The patter of the horses was now plainly audible, though, owing to the inequalities of the ground, they could not become visible farther than a hundred yards away. I trembled violently and cursed myself for a coward, though I really do not think I was frightened. At any rate, I became deadly cool the moment the first savage appeared, and I drew a steady bead and toppled him off his horse before any one else had got in action. The shot brought them to a stand. They had, I think, expected to find us in our ravine and were surprised. Immediately I dropped the butt of my rifle to the ground and began reloading. A shower of arrows flew toward us, but were deflected by the crisscross of the willows. In fact, this laceration of stout branches seemed to be an excellent sort of armor against arrows. In the meantime my companions had each dropped his man, though Vasquez had better luck than skill, as his savage was only clipped in the leg. I fired once more and elicited a howl. There could be no missing at the distance unless a man quite lost his head, and personally I was too scared for that. Another shower of arrows rattled in the willows; then the hand broke to right and left and raced away up the hills like mad. They had no courage and lost stomach for the light at once when they found us prepared.

We were astonished and delighted, for we had fully expected to be ridden down. As soon as we were quite certain this sudden retreat was not a ruse we came out from our shelter. How many wounded had made off, if any, we could not tell. Three dead bodies lay on the ground. To them we paid no attention, but, with many forebodings, hurried back to camp.

When we appeared in sight Missouri Jones ran out to meet us, his rifle over his arm.

"Where's Johnny?" I cried.

"He was down at the river a-getting water," said Jones, "and I ain't seen him since."

We all ran down to the edge of the river pool whence we drew our supply. For a moment our hearts stood still, for no Johnny was in sight. Then he arose dripping from the middle of the pool.

"This water's cold," he remarked conversationally. "I think I'll come out. Anybody hurt?"

He waded ashore and shook himself like a dog.

"I didn't hear 'em until they were right on top of me, and I couldn't get away without being seen," said he, "so I just waded out and imitated a rock with my head."

We roared with laughter by way of relief.

"It isn't the first time, Johnny," said I.

"That's all right," put in Missouri Jones. "This is no joke. They got three of our horses."

Then he told us his experience.

"I was just a-brownin' of the venison," he explained, "when I happened to look up, and there was three of our horses running off, tails up, and a half dozen Indians a-hoosback driving 'em. I let drive with old Betsy and Johnny."

With a roar of anger Buck Barry raised his pick ax.

My gun, but they was about out of range. While I was looking after them about forty Indians went past sky-boostin'. I suppose they thought the first lot had all the horses, and so they didn't stop. The rest of the horses, luckily, was asleep behind the cottonwoods. You bet I didn't call their at-

tention to myself."

He exhibited the greatest satisfaction when he learned that we had accounted for four.

"That's something like Injun fighting," he observed, "though these are a pore, spiritless lot. The whole bag ain't worth more than one of them good hosses."

We did no more gold washing that day, but remained close in camp, consumed with anxiety for our companions. From time to time we fired a rifle, with the idea of warning them that something was amiss. The remaining half dozen horses we ran into the corral.

Night fell, and still the hunters did not return. We were greatly alarmed and distressed, but we could not think of anything to do, for we had not the least idea in what direction to look.

"Bugsby and Yank are old hands," speculated Missouri Jones consolingly. "And the fact that Injuns is abroad would make them slow and careful."

None of us felt like turning in. We all sat outside on the ground around a fire.

Toward midnight we heard voices, and a moment later Yank and Bugsby strode in out of the darkness.

"Where's McNally?" Yank instantly demanded. "Hasn't he come in yet?"

We told him we had seen nothing of the missing man.

"Well, he'll drift in pretty soon," said Bugsby. "We lost him in the darkness two hours back."

They set to frying some venison steak. Excitedly and in antiphony Johnny and I detailed the day's adventure. Both the backwoodsmen listened in silence, but without suspending their cooking.

"They didn't bother McNally," Bugsby decided. "They'd drive those horses away five or six miles before they'd stop. And McNally was with us just a little piece back. He'll be in by the time the venison is cooked."

But he was not, nor by an hour later. Then we decided that we must go out to look for him.

"We can't see nothin' till daylight," said Bugsby, "but we can get started back for the last place we saw him."

It was now about 1 o'clock in the morning. Bugsby appointed Vasquez, Missouri Jones, Buck Barry, Yank and myself to accompany him. Don Gaspar was suffering from a slight attack of malarial fever, and Johnny, to his vast disgust, was left to hold him company. We took each a horse, which we had to ride bareback and with a twisted rope "war halter."

We proceeded thus for a long time—five or six miles, I should think. By the undefined feeling of dark space at either hand I judged we must be atop a ridge. Bugsby halted.

"It was somewhere on this ridge we left him," said he. "I reckon now we'd just better set down and wait for dawn."

Accordingly we dismounted and drew together in a little group. Over the top of the great ranges a gibbous moon rose slowly. By her dim light I could make out the plunge on either side our ridge and the other dark ridges across the way. Behind us our horses occasionally stamped a hoof or blew through their noses.

I lay flat on my back and idly counted the stars. Happening to glance sideways, I caught the flicker of a distant light.

"Bugsby," I whispered, "there's a fire barely more than a half mile away."

Ho, too, lay down in order to get my angle of view.

"It's not McNally," he pronounced after a moment's careful inspection. "For it's too big a fire, and it's a lot more than half a mile away. That's a good big fire. I think it's Injuns."

"Probably the same gang that lifted our horses," cried Buck.

"Probably," agreed Bugsby. He sat upright and peered at us through the dim moonlight. "Want to get after them?" he inquired.

"You bet!" said Buck emphatically. "They may have McNally, and if they haven't they've got our horses."

"There's six of us, and we can shore make it interesting for that lot," agreed Yank. "Can we get to where they are?"

"I think so," said Bugsby.

We rode for another hour, slanting down the mountain side toward the flickering fire. Every time a horse rolled a rock or broke a dried branch it seemed to me that the mountains reverberated from end to end. I don't believe I allowed myself to weigh over six ounces all told. Finally we left the slope for the bottom of the valley.

"I'd rather be below their camp than above it. It's going to be hard to get out this way," complained Bugsby, "but it's the best we can do." He dismounted us, and we crept forward another half mile, leading our animals.

"This is as close as I dare take the horses," whispered Bugsby. "Vasquez, you stay here with them," he said in Spanish, "and when I yell twice quick and sharp you answer, so we'll know where to find you. Come on!"

We raised our pieces, but before the command to fire was given one of the sleepers threw aside his blanket, stretched himself and arose. It was a white man!

I confess that for a moment I turned physically sick.

"Hello!" called Bugsby, quite unmoved.

The white man seized his rifle, and the recumbent forms leaped to life.

"Who are you?" he demanded sharply. "Speak quick!"

"Keep your hair on!" drawled the trapper, advancing into the light. "We're perfectly respectable miners, out looking for a lost man, and we saw your fire."

The rest of us uttered a yell of joy and relief. One of the men who had been sleeping around the fire was McNally himself.

We drew together, explaining, con-

gratulating. The stranger, six in number, turned out to be travelers from the eastern side of the ranges. They listened with interest and attention to our account of the Indian attack. McNally explained that he had been uncertain of his route in the dark, so that when he caught sight of the fire he had made his way to it. We were still engaged in this mutual explanation when we were struck dumb by a long drawn out yell from the direction of our own horses.

"It is Vasquez," explained Barry. "He wants to let us know where he is." And he answered the yell.

But at that moment one of our own horses dashed up to the bunch of picketed animals and wheeled, trembling. Its rope bridle dangled broken from its head. Sam Bugsby darted forward to seize the hanging cord.

"It's cut!" he cried. "Quick! Out across the valley, boys!"

We followed him into the moonlight, grasping our rifles. A moment later a compact band swept toward us at full speed, our horses in the lead, their rope halters dangling, a dozen Indians on horseback following close at their heels and urging them on.

"Shoot, boys!" yelled Bugsby, discharging his own piece.

Our rifles cracked. It was impossible to take aim, and I am sure we hit

nothing. But the horses swerved aside from the long fiery dashes, and so ran into the picketed lot and stopped. The Indians drew on through our scattered line without stopping, pursued by a sputter of shots from our Colt's revolvers.

"A while ago I was sorry we had to stop above camp," said Bugsby, with satisfaction, "but it was a lucky thing for us. They had to come by us to get out."

"And Vasquez?" Yank struck across our exultation.

(Continued next Tuesday.)

**ALL CANADA TO BE "DRY"**

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 16 — A forty years' battle on the part of the anti-liquor forces to make Ontario "dry" was crowned with victory today, when every licensed bar in the Province was closed by operation of the prohibition statute enacted by the legislature last Spring. The winning of Ontario is regarded as the most important victory that the prohibitionists have yet scored in Canada, since the Province is the largest in population and the most important from an industrial standpoint of any in the Dominion.

The chief aim of the new law is to wipe out the retail liquor business. The law does not prohibit the manufacture of intoxicants, so long as the brewers and distillers do not sell their product in Ontario. The wholesale liquor business will be permitted to continue under strict regulations. The sale of liquor for medicinal, scientific and sacramental purposes will be permitted, also under strict regulations. Druggists are to be permitted to sell liquor only on physicians' prescriptions and then only in quantities not to exceed six ounces.

The chief sufferers from the enforcement of the prohibition law will be the hotels, which in Canada have depended to a much greater extent upon the revenues derived from their bars than have the hotels in the United States. The capital invested in hotels in Ontario is estimated to be between fifty and one hundred million dollars. With the closing of their bars it is believed that many of the hotels will be forced to quit business.

With the winning of Ontario the prohibitionists see in prospect an all-dry Canada—the first of the great nations of the world to put its foot down on the liquor traffic. Prince Edward Island led the way by abolishing the sale of liquor by retail more than fifteen years ago. In June of last year Saskatchewan followed suit by closing up all the retail bars with the exception of twenty government operated liquor shops.

Manitoba, Nova Scotia and Alberta came under the prohibition banner this year. In New Brunswick the sale of liquor by retail will cease next April. In British Columbia next June and in the Yukon Territory next July, provided the prohibitionists win in the voting that is about to take place. Newfoundland also will finish up her licensed liquor selling at the end of this year. This will leave Quebec as the only Province in which prohibiting legislation has not yet been passed.

## REVOLVER AND SHOTGUN USED NOW DIVORCES

Wild And Wooly Tales Recited In Ashland Co. Court

## NEW PARENTS FOR THE STEWART GIRL

On Occasion Of Her Sixth Birthday—Other Court News

Gordon Ward and Miss Opal Snyder were married at Reedsburg January 4, 1912, and now Mrs. Ward has brought suit in the Ashland county courts against her husband for a divorce, one charge being that he pointed a revolver at her on numerous occasions, threatening to "blow out her brains." Other charges of a similar or less serious nature are made.

Another Ashland county divorce suit is that of Charles C. Rhoades against Margaret Rhoades, in which J. V. Koeler of West Salem is attorney. Rhoades charges that his wife shot at him with a shotgun in February or March, and that about September 1, she attacked him with a stove-poker and drove him from the house with a loaded shotgun and rifle, while on September 5 last she threw a large rock at him.

**Child Adopted.**

A petition for the adoption of Nancy Irene Stewart was filed Thursday by Frank E. Lattimore and the same granted by Probate Judge P. L. Wilkins.

The little girl was just six years of age on the day of her entry into a new home and appeared unusually bright and intelligent. Consent to the adoption was filed by the girl's mother, Lucy Stewart.

**Inventory and Appraisal.**

George C. Mowery, administrator of Edward Lester Mowery, has filed an inventory and appraisal, showing: goods \$481.05, money \$1,736.41.

**Deeds Filed.**

Lewis O. Selby to E. W. Wyant, 73 acres in Hilliard, \$1.

Michael C. Strang to Ralph P. Hipp, lots 5, 6 and 7, Greer addition to Greer, \$1,100.

**Leases Filed.**

Forty-nine leases were recorded Thursday, the grantee being the Columbus Oil & Fuel Co.

**Offices Closed.**

On Thursday and Friday afternoons, the offices of the court house were closed on account of the county fair.

**Births.**

A daughter was born Thursday at the Mt. Vernon hospital to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rowley of Gambier.

A son was born Thursday to Mr. and Mrs. Joy Koch of East Hamtramck street.

**SON**

OF FORMER KNOX COUNTY RESIDENT ARRIVES UNEXPECTEDLY FOR A VISIT WITH RELATIVES HERE.

Mrs. I. D. Hunt and Mrs. E. C. Milligan were happily surprised Friday morning by the unexpected arrival of their nephew, West Smith of Monrovia, California.

Mr. Smith is the youngest son of Dr. O. E. Smith, a former Knox county boy who, after graduating in dentistry in 1868, took up his home in Marshfield, Oregon.

The young Mr. Smith is connected with the First National bank of Monrovia, Cal., and decided quite suddenly to spend his short vacation with many Knox county relatives whom he had never met. He will visit the birthplace of his father at Five Corners, Milford township.

## UTICA GIRL IS STRICKEN WITH DREAD PLAGUE

Thought To Have Contracted It At Camp Sychar

## CAN NOW MOVE LEG

Disease Developed Nine Days After Sojourn In Mt. Vernon—Opening Of Schools Postponed For Period Of Two Weeks

Esther, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Brown of Cary street, Bell addition, is a sufferer with infantile paralysis, this being the first case in Utica in recent years, reports The Herald.

Esther was slightly indisposed a week ago last Sunday morning, but attended Sunday school as usual at the Methodist church. In the afternoon and evening she was slightly sick at the stomach and suffered pain in her head, with some fever. Monday morning paralysis of one leg was noticed. Dr. Smith was called and he recognized her ailment as the dreaded infantile paralysis. After Dr. Eastington was called in consultation the authorities were notified and quarantine was established.

The illness and fever stage passed several days ago, and the child has apparently recovered except that one leg is entirely and the other is partly paralyzed. Quarantine will be maintained about 28 days from the time of the passing of the fever.

The period of incubation of the disease is from nine to twelve days after exposure to the germs. The time has already elapsed since Esther was at Sunday school, and as no other cases have developed, there is reason to believe the danger is passed. Esther is said to have suffered the symptoms just nine days from the time she was at Camp Sychar at Mt. Vernon where she may have been exposed to the disease as there have been cases in Mt. Vernon and elsewhere in Knox county. She may have been exposed on a train.

The opening of the Utica schools, scheduled for this week, has been postponed two weeks. The reading room will be closed during the quarantine period, and Sunday schools will be abandoned.

Mr. Brown came down from his work at Akron Friday. He took a room at William Hughes' and visited his family from quarantine distance.

Mrs. Brown informed The Herald yesterday noon that Esther can now straighten her left leg herself, and can move the foot, and that she can allow the movement of her right leg. A few days ago she could move neither limb.

**MISSIONARY SOCIETIES**

M. E. Church

The meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary society of the M. E. church was held with Mrs. P. L. Wilkins Wednesday evening, Sept. 13. Miss Selora Gaines conducted the devotionals. Prayer by Mrs. Stump.

After a short business session the following program, in charge of Mrs. H. M. Huntsberger, was given:

Song by society—"True Hearted, Whole Hearted."

Reading, "What Is There In Thine Hand?"—Mrs. P. J. Parker.

Reading, "A One-Woman Auxiliary. How It Grew"—Mrs. Thomas Weir.

Reading, "Will You Join Us?"—Mrs. Bryant Mann.

Song by society—"Take My Life and Let It Be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

**SOCIETY NOTES**

Tendered A Surprise

Mrs. Ann Hawkins of Lock was tendered a surprise party Thursday by a large number of her friends and her children at her home in Lock. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Hawkins' 84th birthday. About fifty of Mrs. Hawkins' descendants were present. A picnic dinner was served at noon. Mrs. Hawkins is still quite hearty and greatly enjoyed the festivities of the day.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

**Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA**

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

**What is CASTORIA**

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

**In Use For Over 30 Years**

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**DEMOCRATIC TICKET**

(Election Tuesday, Nov. 7)

**NATIONAL**

President—Woodrow Wilson.  
Vice President—Thomas R. Marshall

**STATE**

Governor—James M. Cox.  
Lieutenant Governor—Earl D. Bloom.  
Secretary of State—William D. Fulton.  
Auditor of State—Vic Donahue.  
Treasurer of State—Chester E. Bryan.  
Attorney General—Joseph McGhee.

**CONGRESSIONAL**

United States Senator—Adee Pomeroene.  
Congressman—William A. Ashbrook.

**JUDICIAL**

Judges of Supreme Court—Maurice H. Donahue, James G. Johnson.  
Judge of Court of Appeals—Robert S. Shields.  
Probate Judge—Thomas J. Remington.

**DISTRICT**

State Senator—Willis Horn.

**COUNTY**

Representative—Julius Headington.  
Clerk of Court—Guy Taylor.  
Sheriff—Walter B. Mossbolder.  
Auditor—A. D. Rinehart.  
Commissioners—George W. Hays, John Rice, George M. Shaffer.  
Treasurer—Clifton G. Hunt.  
Recorder—Robert Cochran.  
Surveyor—Charles W. Colgin.  
Prosecuting Attorney—Charles L. Belmont.  
Coroner—Paul S. Stokes.

**PENNSY**

HAS PROMISED MILLERSBURG A NEW STATION, BUT FOLKS OF THAT VILLAGE ARE BECOMING IMPATIENT.

The business men of our town have been working for a long time to get the Pennsylvania railroad to put up a new depot, one that would favorably compare with the beautiful park that now surrounds the old station, says the Holmes County Farmer.

The new station could be raised a little; then it would be both an advantage to people getting on and off trains, and also a saving to the company in high water times. The plank around the depot is getting pretty badly worn, needing underbeams in several places. On the east side the dirt road has long been trying to obscure the plank porch, and is only prevented from so doing by a huge beam barricade. The lavatories are not up-to-date, the one for men having but one entrance and that from the outside. This is very unhandy and could be easily changed in a new structure.

The company has practically promised that the next station will be at Millersburg. But we dislike to wait so long. We deserve this new building. We have third rank as a station

## SHERIFF'S SALE

James H. Hoss, plaintiff, vs. Eva Jane Horn, defendant.

By virtue of Order of Sale in Partition issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Knox County, Ohio, and to me directed, I will offer for sale the door of the Court House, in Mount Vernon, Knox County, on

**Saturday, the 30th day of September, 1916**

between the hours of 1 p. m. and 3 p. m. of said day, the following described lands and tenements, to-wit:

The following described real estate, situate in the Township of Clay, County of Knox and State of Ohio, bounded and described as follows: All that part of Lot Number Seventeen (17) in the First Quarter, Fifth (5) Township, and Eleventh (11) Range, U. S. M. Lands, beginning at the North-west corner of said lot number seventeen, thence running South 89 degrees east 124.5 perches to a stone; thence South three-fourths (3-4) degrees west 102.3 perches to a stone corner; thence North 30 degrees west 102.3 perches to a stone corner; thence North one-half (1-2) degree west 102.3 perches to a stone corner; the place of bearing and estimated ninety-five (95) acres and eighty-five (85) perches.

Also thirty (30) acres of land off of the east side of said lot, number seventeen in the First Quarter, Fifth Township, and Eleventh (11) Range, U. S. M. Lands in Knox County, Ohio. Said 95 acres and 85 perch tract and said 30 acre tract is the same land conveyed by John Hughes to Hiram Bell by deed bearing date June 25, 1880, the same being recorded in Deed Book XX, pages 143 and 144 of the Deed Records of Knox County, Ohio.

Also of the following described real estate situated in the County of Knox, State of Ohio and in the Township of Harrison, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the south-west corner of the south-east quarter of Section Thirteen (13) township Six (6), Range Eleven (11) and running thence North two (2) degrees 30' east along the road 56.0 rods to a stake in the road on the west line of said Quarter section; thence South 87 degrees 30' east 31.9 rods to a stake; thence South four (4) degrees 18' west 50.0 rods to a stake on the south line of the aforementioned Quarter section; thence North 89 degrees 30' east 99 rods to a stone in the center of the road at the place of beginning and estimated to contain 43.3 acres according to a survey made by O. L. Ashcraft, County Surveyor, Knox County, Ohio, said tract being the south-west part of the south-east Quarter section 13, Township Six (6) Range Eleven (11).

The First Tract containing 125 acres and 85 perches is located in Clay Township, Knox County, Ohio. The Second Tract containing 43.3 acres of land is located in Harrison Township, Knox County, Ohio, and will be sold in separate tracts.

Appraised at—First Tract \$11,336.00; second tract \$3,000.00.

Terms of Sale—Said sale to be made at the Court House and upon the following terms: One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years thereafter, with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum from date of sale; such deferred payments to be evidenced by promissory notes of the purchaser, payable to the plaintiff, respectively entitled thereto and secured by mortgage upon the premises; or said purchaser or purchasers may pay all cash if they see fit to so elect.

**JOHN M. WOOLISON,**  
Sheriff of Knox County, Ohio,  
the plaintiff.  
8-29-16, 12, 10, 353

of importance along the line, being only outclassed by Akron and Orrville. Travellers often remark that the authorities owe a new building if only for the sake of the park. The commercial visitors from Cleveland and Toledo and other parts have seen the need of a new depot here; and we sincerely hope that the correspondence of our townsmen with the road officials will soon bring forth victory in the form of a new depot.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Chubb of this city went to Delaware Friday to spend a few days with relatives.

Miss Grace Burkett and Miss Audrey Connor of Centerville spent Friday with friends in this city.

Mrs. F. L. Bennett of this city left Friday for Urbana where she will spend a few days with relatives.

George McNabb of East Vine street went to Columbus Friday to spend the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Erle Wagner of Cleveland, who have been visiting here, left Friday for Sandusky.